

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Last Night of the Season.—Last Appearance this Season of
Mlle Marguerite Chapuy.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 17th, will be performed ROSSINI'S Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Il Conte Almaviva, Signor Brignoli; Figaro, Signor De Reschi; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Zobioli; Don Basilio, Signor Costa; Fiorello, Signor Rinaldini; Ufficiale, Signor Casaboni; Berta, Mlle Bauermeister; and Rosina, Mlle Marguerite Chapuy (her fourth appearance in that character and her last appearance this season), who will introduce, in the Lesson Scene, the Valse from Gounod's Opera, "Mireille." Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Madame Christine Nilsson.—Last Week.

MONDAY next, July 19, will be performed MEYERBEER'S Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Raoul, Signor Campanini (his first appearance in that character this season); Il Conte di San Bris, Signor Galassi; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor De Reschi; Marcello, Signor Castellary; Margherita di Valois, Mlle Louise Singell (her first appearance in that character at Her Majesty's Opera); Urbano, Mlle Trebelli-Bettini; and Valentina, Mlle Christine Nilsson.

Mlle Tietjens.

TUESDAY next, July 20 (Benefit of Mlle Tietjens), on which occasion will be presented DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Fancelli (who will introduce, in the Third Act, Donizetti's Air, "Deserto in terra"—his last appearance this season); Il Duca Alfonso, Herr Behrens; Maffeo Orsini, Mlle Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, by Mlle Tietjens.

Eighth Time of "Lohengrin."

On WEDNESDAY next, July 21, will be repeated WAGNER'S Grand Romantic Opera, "LOHENGGRIN." Elsa di Brabant, Mlle Christine Nilsson; Lohengrin, Signor Campanini; Federico di Telramondo, Signor Galassi; Enrico, Herr Behrens; Araldo, Signor Costa; and Ortruda, Mlle Tietjens.

Special Notice.

On this occasion the performance of "Lohengrin" will commence at Eight o'clock.

Last Night.—Mlle Elena Varesi.

THURSDAY next, July 23, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Gillandi (his first appearance in that character); Enrico Aston, Signor Galassi; and Lucia, Mlle Elena Varesi.

FRIDAY next, July 24, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Susanna, Mlle Marie Roze; Cherubino, Mlle Anna de Belocca; La Contessa, Mlle Tietjens.

SATURDAY, July 24, "IL DON GIOVANNI." Donna Elvira, Mlle Christine Nilsson; Don Ottavio, Signor Gillandi; Leporello, Herr Behrens; Don Giovanni, Signor De Reschi; Masetto, Signor Zobioli; Il Commendatore, Signor Costa; Zerlina, Mlle Elena Varesi (her second appearance in that character); and Donna Anna, Mlle Tietjens.

Benefit of Mr Mapleson, and Closing Night of the Opera Season, Monday, July 26. Doors open at Eight o'clock. To commence at Half-past Eight, except on the occasion above. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets, to be made to Mr Bailey, at the Box-office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane Theatre, which is open daily from Ten till Five; and to the principal Librarians and Musicians.

NORFOLK AND NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
ST ANDREW'S HALL, ON MONDAY, the 20th September, 1875, and four following days, under the immediate patronage of—

Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
The R.H. the Prince and Princess of WALES.
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H.R.H. the Duchess of TECK,
His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK,
The Most Noble the Marquis of LOBNE.

Principal Vocalists engaged in Mlle E. Albani, Mlle Emma Sherrington, Mlle Mathilde Enequist, Mlle Anna de Belocca, Mlle Patey, Miss Enriquez, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Henry Guy, Henry J. Minns, J. L. Wadmore, and Signor Foli.

CONDUCTOR—SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Morning: Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Hymn of Praise." Spohr's "God, Thou art Great," Selection from Pierson's "Jerusalem." Haydn's "Imperial Mass." Sir W. S. Bennett's "The Woman of Samaria," and Handel's "Messiah." Evening: Bandello's "Fridolin." Benedict's "Legend of St Cecilia." Pastoral and Finale from Symphony in C, Macfarren's "Festival" Overture, Cowen's Nocturne, Grand March from "Joan of Arc," and a new Overture, composed expressly for the occasion, by Mr W. T. Best, will be performed.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Last Night of the Season.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 17th, MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera, "LE TOILE DU NORD." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock, instead of Half-past. Mlle Adeline Patti, Mlle Smerechi, Cottino, Ghisotti; Signori Nandini, Ciampi, Sabater, Cappel, Tagliac, and M. Faure. Conductors—Signori Vianesi and Bevgmanni.

During the evening, the National Anthem, "God Save the Queen," will be sung. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Boxes from £2 12s. 6d. to £6 6s.; stalls, £1 1s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

TESTIMONIAL TO J. V. BRIDGEMAN, ESQ.

AS a tribute of respect for high personal worth and of seasonable sympathy with one who, during more than Thirty Years, has earnestly devoted himself to literary and journalistic pursuits (for recompense inadequate to secure provision against ill-health), the following Subscriptions are very cordially tendered by some of his old friends and fellow-workers, who invite the co-operation of others capable of appreciating the labours and vicissitudes of a literary career.

As conspicuous evidence of his high dramatic skill and scholarly excellence may be mentioned Mr Bridgeman's composition, in the German language, of "Katherine von Ruffland," a five-act historical play; of "Es find nicht alle Ponche die Schwarze Kappen tragen," a three-act comedy; of another entitled "Eine Nacht im Schloffe Hildleton." Several of the Author's minor pieces were also produced and well received in the theatres of Brunswick, Hamburg, and other places.

Among Mr Bridgeman's works for the English stage, it may suffice to specify his five-act drama, *Sixtus V.* (in collaboration with Mr Dion Boucault); *Sunny Vale Farm*, a three-act drama; *Jessie Gray*, a three-act drama (with the late Mr Robert Brough); the libretti of Balfe's operas, *The Puritan's Daughter* and *The Armourer of Nantes*; besides which he was the Author of several popular Comediettes, Farces, and Pantomimes.

His Translations of books from several European languages, and his original Poetical and Prose Contributions to a long list of Newspapers and Periodicals during the many years above referred to are too numerous for recital here.

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Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., who has kindly consented to act as Treasurer, will be happy to receive Subscriptions (marked "Bridgeman Testimonial") addressed to him at No. 15, Lombard Street, E.C. Cheques to be crossed "Robarts, Lubbock & Co."

Subscriptions.

The Committee collectively 265 0 0
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MR SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that, having made special arrangements, his ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT will take place this year at the CRYSTAL PALACE, on SATURDAY, the 31st July, Concert commencing at Four o'clock. Artists—Mlle Christine Nilsson (her first and only appearance at the Crystal Palace this season), Mlle Patey, and Mlle Tietjens) her last appearance before her departure for America); Signor Foli, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Mr Charles Hallé. Conductors—Mr August Manns and Mr Arthur Sullivan. Trumpet obligato—Mr T. Harper. Accompanist—Mr Sidney Naylor. Numbered stalls, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; galleries, 3s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Admission, One Shilling; or by Guinea Season Tickets. In the evening a great Pyrotechnic Display, with special devices, by Messrs C. T. Brock and Co. Plans of seats at concert, and places booked at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; Novello's, 1, Berners Street, W.; all Music Publishers; and at the Crystal Palace Ticket Office.

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and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

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The ANNUAL PRIZE CONCERT will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Morning, the 21st inst., at Two o'clock, on which occasion Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE (Marchioness of Lorne) has kindly consented to present the Prizes.

There will be a complete Band and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students of the Academy. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN. Admission, One Shilling. Stalls, 5s.; family tickets, to admit four persons, 16s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; to be had at the Musicians; at St James's Hall; and at the Academy.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE (Marchioness of LORNE) has most kindly consented to present the PRIZES at the Annual Concert, on Wednesday, the 21st inst.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

MIDDLE E. TATE has the honour to announce that her CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY Evening, 24th July, 1875, at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Regent Street. (Middle E. Tate, who, by command of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, had the honour recently to perform at Osborne, was presented by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice with a valuable Watch ornamented with diamonds.) Vocalists—Middle Victoria Bunsen, Middle Marie Duval, Madame May Holt; Mr Burleigh Tesseman, Herr G. Werrenrath, Mr Wadmore. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte—Middle E. Tate and Middle Felicia Bunsen. Violin—Herr Wiener. Violoncello—Herr Daubert. Conductors—Mr Sidney Naylor, Herr Ganz, and Herr Schubert. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be had of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; at all the principal Musicians; and of Middle E. Tate, 62, Fleming Road, Kennington Park. Concert to commence at Eight; carriages may be ordered for Ten o'clock. The Grand Pianoforte from Messrs Erard's.

MR PAUL SEMLER (Pianist) begs to announce that he can accept engagements for Balls, Soirées, &c. His repertoire consists of all the celebrated Dance Music of the day, as well as his own compositions. Terms on application, by letter, to be addressed to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

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NORAH'S MESSAGE.

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THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF *IL BARBIERE*.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Weary, weary in mind and body, I reached London a few days ago for my midsummer holidays. I was in truth weary of everything and everybody, including my precious self, and, above all things, of music. Do you wonder at it? You will not, when I tell you music and I have not parted company since last summer's vacation. It has never been out of my ears; ever persecuting and worrying me, driving me at last to madness. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, I have been teaching music from early morning to protracted night; my only change of occupation, playing on a church organ. What a relief! Grandsire Tallis, instead of baby Hamilton; the see-saw of Rogers in D, substituted for Czerny's "Hundred and one;" and Gibbon's gloomy game of first-follow-first, for Stamatz's brain-softening exercises. Have I become old?—if so, it is prematurely; for I only reckon forty-five years: the present is but the junction year, when one changes carriages to commence the downward journey of life. In former seasons I was never tired of music; always ready for a wrestle with the divine muse; and, like the patriarch, never willing to let the angel go without a blessing. Then, on my arrival for my holidays, I rushed off to hear some new anthem by Goss, at St Paul's; to the Temple, to revel in the exquisite extempore playing of Hopkins; or to St Sepulchre's, to admire Cooper making the crooked fugue straight, and all the rough places of Bach plain. This year, alas! I was compelled to forswear music—to shun it altogether. I got into that bewildered state that I could not tell music from noise or noise from music. Few, perhaps you will say, ever can. If so, cannot you, Mr Editor, procure a commission to establish the limits and mark the boundaries of the opposing and antagonistic realms of noise and music? Others, as well as myself, I fancy, mistake one for the other, and need a hard and fast line of demarcation. However, in my case, all sounds were hopelessly mixed together. My baby's screaming in the nursery, and my daughter's singing in the drawing-room, were the same horrors to me; the bellow of a calf, and my son Peter's bass voice, seemed identical; and the church, with its intoning curate, surpliced choir and pealing organ, was as hideous as the cattle market at fair time. In fact, chaos fell upon my ears. I resolved, therefore, this year's trip should be spent out of doors. I would flee the church, concert-room, and opera-house, as if the plague rioted therein. Alas! my plan was folly, and my efforts were vain. I climbed to the top of the monument, and still was weary; I took the penny steamer in the morning, and returned by the underground railway in the evening, and found no relief; the water-works of the Crystal Palace failed to refresh me; the fire-works at the Alexandra sent through me no thrill of excitement; for days I rode on the top of omnibuses through the streams of humanity which rage and war in the city: yet the waters of life passed on, and left my poor shattered hulk high and dry. I tried to go up in a balloon, but they would not let me; instead of this I went to the docks with a tasting-order, and strange to say, the next morning I was more than ever depressed. All the London monuments I saw, and all the cemeteries I visited, without receiving one cheerful throb. I tried the tent meetings of the arousing Christian Yankees:—why did I go, knowing that the nasal harmonium, and the more nasal singer, would grate their vulgar discords on my ear? I did better at the "Zoo." Christians may gather much of sweetness and light from the representative congregation in Regent's Park.

In this crisis of my dreariness I received a message from an old pupil, a charming creature. "Come, weary one," she said, "come sail and rest on the bosom of the waters of the upper Thames." I bought fishing tackle, borrowed an *Isaac Walton*, and rushed by Great Western to Marlow, where my hospitable pupil was staying with a noble relative. A hearty welcome greeted me, but the skies frowned inauspiciously. A Scotch mist, relieved by tropical down-pours, blurred the scene as if I looked upon it through tears. Too wet for boating, I posted myself, with rod and line under a bridge, to fish; until soaked by the driving rain, I felt too weary even for

that ravishing excitement. The rain ceased, the clouds cleared off, and the sun shone on meadow, wood, and river, making the dripping landscape as fresh and bright as a newly painted picture, wet with varnish. Boats were soon filled: some rowed, others steered. In company of a reverend chaplain, a philosopher, a painter, and a dignitary of the law, I sailed down the winding river to Cookham, where the woods, of many tinted leaf, were mirrored in the glassy stream, like a mother's loving face reflected in the clear eye of her smiling child. We landed and roamed the woods, inhaling the pure moist air, laden with sweet odours from lime trees, and a thousand blossoming flowers. The winding paths led us now to openings which unfolded a panorama of exquisite beauty, and then brought us to a shut-in dell, where I fain would have built me a hermitage. When I re-entered the boat, I felt my soul struggling with the weariness which so long had oppressed me; through my deadened nature was throbbing a returning life. The boats glided past banks unceasingly varied in form and dress. Soon the sky was overcast, and the rain poured. Our boatman brought us beneath an overhanging tree for shelter; then I noticed he was a young waterman of the jolly sort, and handsome type. The ladies, my pupil and her mama, evidently looked upon him with a favourable eye. He certainly had an extatic gleam in his eye that would have made the fortune of a stage tenor; lips full and very ripe, revealing, by a smile that filled his entire face, teeth both regular and brilliant. He was modest about his charms until one of the company, prompted by the evil one, asked him to sing a song; then he grinned, shambled on his seat, and gave himself the airs of an insipid school girl, and at last burst forth into song. Gloom and despair returned in tenfold force upon me, and the climax was reached when he sang "Bosom a thorn," a song I had taught daily, for years. On landing, my despair had given way to weariness; a weariness deeper, darker and heavier than I had ever before experienced, and I immediately hastened back to London. I took to pictures and did all the galleries. I sprained my spine at the National Gallery, cricked my neck at the South Kensington, got a headache at Suffolk Street, and blinded myself at the Royal Academy. Darwin must direct nature to develop in man necks as long as giraffes', or put the eyes a couple of inches higher in the head, before exhibitions will be adapted to man's capabilities. Until that time I have sworn never to visit another gallery, without the pictures be placed on rollers—such as those used in panoramas—that I may sit and gaze in comfort, whilst the miles of canvas pass before me.

"Let us go to *Il Barbiere* to-night," said a stranger near me in a public dining-room. I started at the proposal, thinking it made to me; finding another person was addressed, I shrugged my shoulders, smiled sardonically, lit my cigar and strolled into the teeming Strand. Still, amidst the uproar of traffic, a voice within me, as coaxing as Figaro's, said "Come." No! I certainly would not. Then memory called up the Bartolo of Jupiter Lablache; the Almaviva of Adonis Mario; and the graphic Formes's Basilio. The melodies of the opera, sounding in my ears, were as silken cords drawing me gently, though against my will, towards the Opera house. I yielded, and found myself in the gallery of Drury Lane Theatre, hot, flushed, and panting. "What wicked imp possessed me," I muttered to myself, "thus to put my head in the very jaws of my devouring foe?" From my Olympian height I gazed down on mortals. Far below the chandelier, which appeared like a constellation of stars hung in mid heaven, I saw the band assemble. Sainton took his seat, looking a little whiter, but as handsome quite; Weist Hill, Willy, and Lazarus passed to their several places amidst others entirely unknown to me. They tapped applause on their fiddle backs and desks as Sir Michael Costa entered. God bless me!—he conducted *Il Barbiere* when I last heard it, now twenty-five years ago. Bravo! bravissimo!—he has held well his own against "the enemy." Singers may come, and players may go; may he go on for ever. At the motion of his *bâton* the band dashed away at the overture, and proved every bit as vigorous, sonorous, and masterful as of yore. The music called and held my attention, and awoke in me the same kind of interest as the "pop" of a champagne cork would to a thirsty soul. The curtain rose, and the gay Almaviva

serenaded his mistress; then Figaro bounded on the stage with rattling jargon, and Rosina peeped from her balcony, soon to step down to the foot lights, to sing "Una voce." Bartolo was knocked about hither and thither, and befuddled as egregiously as all old fools should be. Basilio brought on his elongated hat and voice; and the roguish plotting of Figaro animated the characters, and sent them into a whirl of excitement and gay distraction.

As an unexpected reprieve and release from gaol, as a sudden restoration from sickness to health, or as the return of the glorious sun to one shipwrecked in gloomy night, ~~so~~ Rossini's music came upon me. The brain lost its torpor, the feelings their deadness, and the passions their insensibility. My heart throbbed, and the tingling life coursed through my veins; tears of joy flowed from my eyes, for I had been dead and was now alive again.

What wrought the cure? Was it Beaumarchais' clever story? the beauty of the *mise-en-scène*? the voices of the singers? or the excellence of the orchestra? No, none of these things. It was simply Rossini's genius that worked in me the change. His music assuredly has the qualities calculated to arouse the faded spirit and the weary mind. It is bright as sunshine, clear as day, refreshing as Summer showers, vivacious as youth, sparkling as nectar, lovely as flowers, sweet as the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets, cheerful as the best of goodly company, and inspiring as the breath of the gods. In spite of my nostrum for weariness being scouted, on account of its simplicity and age, still I venture to recommend the Barber as Doctor; and I gratefully record Figaro's last performance as a perfect cure, wrought on yours obediently,

A. WEARY MUSICIAN.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN MUSICAL FESTIVAL.*

Concerning the compositions selected, namely, Handel's *Samson*, on the first day, June 27th, and—besides two grand airs by Mozart—Schumann's A minor Concerto, Bach's "Chaconne," the *Oberon* Overture, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, and, to conclude, his Symphony in C minor, there is no need to descant at length, as they are so well known. The programme was, evidently, drawn up with taste and intelligence. The composers of the different works who were introduced to the public are leading representatives of music. Handel's *Samson* is especially well calculated to attract and excite the enthusiasm of the great masses, as well as of a more refined public, and to inspire them with a lasting interest in the grand style of oratorio. The singers numbered nearly 300 sopranos and contraltos, 57 tenors, and 84 basses. The orchestra included 32 first and second violins, 12 tenors, 12 violoncellos, and 9 double-basses, with the necessary wind instruments, kettle-drums, and trumpets. From the list we learn that among the instrumentalists were many well-known music directors, Court musicians, *Capellmeister*, and Court and other *Concertmeister*. Herr J. Boie, the popular *Concertmeister* of Altona, who, with his brother-in-law, Herr von Königsłow, *Concertmeister* from Cologne, acted as leader, and rendered important service in the formation of the orchestra. He conducted, also, the *Oberon* Overture, and several smaller things on the second day, when Joachim appeared as a soloist, and played Bach's Chaconne. The ladies' chorus was placed above a large niche at the south end of the concert-hall; the middle of the platform was occupied by the orchestra, while behind them, in the niche, were ranged tenors and basses. In front, and visible from every side, stood Joachim, on an elevated tribune. During the rehearsals the great artist frequently expressed his astonishment and admiration at the admirable way in which the choruses had been trained. At the last rehearsal of *Samson*, when the audience burst out, on one occasion, into a storm of applause, he actually could not refrain from joining in it himself. The directors of the various associations who, with the members under their command, had worked so hard during the winter, now sang with the rank and file. The solo vocalists were well selected, including Henschel and Krolop, from Berlin, as Manoaah and Harapha; Herr von Witt, from Dresden, as Samson; Mad. Schmitt, from

Sweden, as Delilah; and Kol Kling, from Schwabach, as Micha, who all sustained their characters, from a musical point of view, exceedingly well. Especially effective was the chorus of Israelites, "Hör, Jakob's Gott, Jehovah, hör"; Manoaah's air, "Wie willig trägt mein Vaterherz;" the chorus at the overthrow of the Temple; the funeral march, which blends so wonderfully with the funeral chorus of the Israelites; and the mighty final chorus, "Laut stimme ein, du ganze Himmelschaar!" Another particularly effective piece was the air, "Kommt all ihr Seraphim," preceding the above chorus, and sung by Mad. Schmitt, with *obligato* trumpet accompaniment. Such trumpeters as he who played this accompaniment are, we should fancy, scarce. It was a contest between the human voice and the trumpet to see which was the more beautiful. The feeling of satisfaction, that a great success had been achieved with the oratorio, was universal. The phrase: *Holsatia non cantat*, was for ever refuted. The performance of the chorus proved that the members of the latter might enter the lists with anyone. Even during the rehearsals, the admirable composition of the programme, and the decided conviction that everything would go well, filled the singers, the instrumentalists, and the public with joyous confidence. This feeling constituted the fundamental tone at the meetings held, sometimes at Bellevue, in sight of the sea, and sometimes in the garden near the Concert-Hall. To this we must add the favourable weather, with its splendid sunshine during the Festival, and the kindness of the people of Kiel, who overwhelmed us with attention, and received with warm cordiality the visitors, though, in many cases, the latter were utter strangers to them. The Kielites are ambitious. The victory achieved by Schleswig-Holstein, with her first Musical Festival, redounded to the honour of them all, though the very high prices of admission necessarily prevented many of them from taking part in the proceedings. But the reader must not suppose from this that the Festival was not well attended. People flocked in from far and wide. Of the 2,500 seats not one was vacant at the performances themselves, and the hall was certainly quite as well filled at the rehearsals, admission to which was also paid for. After the performance of *Samson*, a few ladies of the chorus flung Joachim some flowers, and, immediately afterwards, there was a rain of flowers from every side. This scene was repeated, with even more enthusiasm, on Monday, the 28th, when it became known it was Joachim's birthday. He was received with a perfect bombardment of flowers; and a laurel wreath, together with the most splendid bouquets, were laid upon his music-stand. The chorus had an easier task on the 28th than on the previous day. They were engaged only in the *Walpurgisnacht*. The rehearsal in the morning afforded the first real opportunity for Joachim to show his talent as a conductor. The C minor Symphony was again gone through with the most scrupulous care, all the necessary delicate touches of light and shade being frequently repeated two or three times. The performance began at 6 p.m., and lasted till 10. After the *Oberon* Overture, executed with magic beauty, the two great features were Joachim's violin-playing, and the rendering of Schumann's A minor concerto, by Madame Clara Schumann. As regards myself, I am not particularly fond of pianoforte concertos, but I must confess I never heard anything finer than this exhibition of Madame Clara Schumann's, in which full justice was done to every tone and to every note. The lady played superbly. The choruses in the *Walpurgisnacht* were, like those on the day before, magnificently sung, especially the final chorus: "Dein Licht, wer kann es rauben?" The whole wound up with the C minor Symphony, which evoked a perfect storm of applause. Joachim's directions were punctually carried out. All the performers seemed electrified, and, from the gentlest *pianissimo* to the proud and lofty song of triumph in the fourth movement, everything was executed to perfection. The festively decorated hall was now deserted by the audience, many of whom had agreed to pass the evening together. Upwards of eight hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper, the meal being enlivened by numerous toasts. Among the persons who received special invitations to the Festival were the Admiral and other Officers of the American Squadron lying in Kiel harbour. The first Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival will certainly not be the last, but no one who was present will ever forget the memorable days of the 26th, 27th, and 28th June, 1875.

* Abridged from the *Schwäbischer Merkur*,

JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.

Paper read (June 17, 1875) at the Society of Arts' Rooms, before the members of the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, by JOHN HULLAH.

(Continued from page 467.)

Now it is not merely possible, but far from difficult, to get even very young children to utter any sound or short succession of sounds within the limits of a given scale, the whole extent of which they have travelled over, identifying each sound with the syllable by which it is called.

Further, it is not merely possible, but far from difficult, to get even very young children to give to sounds certain simple proportionate lengths, equally with the sounds themselves, at will.

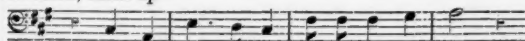
I shall not stop now to show you how I should set about making them do these two things; for I have a good deal to say to you before I shall have done. I fear I must, after the manner of an eminent medical practitioner of former days, tell you, if you want to know this, to "read my book"—my new book, "*Time and Tune in the Elementary School*," the first twelve chapters of which are devoted to these subjects. I will only call attention, before I go further, to the fact that these powers of recognizing and distributing sound of which I have been speaking are wholly independent of musical notation, and that I think they should to some extent be acquired before the study of musical notation is attempted. Do not think lightly of these elementary accomplishments. They are elementary, but they are also all important. The child who can sound a note when it is asked for, or name it when it is sounded, and give it its due proportion as a crotchet or a minim when told to do so, or say whether of these two it is when that proportion is given to it, is already something of a musician, and has already some of that personal and inalienable possession of which I have already spoken. Eventually, of course, the scholar must study musical notation, otherwise he will remain as little self-dependent as that helpless musical voluptuary, the singer "by ear." But a good deal may be done in music itself—vocal music at least—before musical notation need be dealt with at all; I mean musical notation as it appears on paper, for I still recommend the use, and the early use, of the ladder representing the scale with which some of you are familiar, and the "manual stave," my own estimation of the use of which, after being for a time somewhat shaken, has been completely and entirely restored.

And here I take the opportunity of stating, not for the first time, my belief, strengthened by every year's experience as a teacher and as an examiner, that the difficulties of music in no way arise from, have no connection whatever with, musical notation. Those difficulties I am convinced are inseparable from music itself, the practice or production of which, beyond the most rudimentary stages, nothing ever has, nothing ever will, make easy. The unembarrassed utterance of two following sounds a tritone apart, or the accurate production of a series of syncopated notes, for instance, must be preceded by a good deal of thoughtful practice. Write, express such musical ideas as these as you will, you cannot abridge this practice, for the same student, by a minute, or diminish the necessity for its being thoughtful practice. Those who seek to facilitate the study of music by the substitution of one notation—no matter what—for another—no matter what—confound the ideas, facts, sentiments which make up music with the expression or representation of them.

But the principal matter on which I have to speak to you is still unapproached.

I have already to-night—not to say on many former occasions—declared or implied my belief in the value of *sol-fa*ing. If there be any present who were ever members of my classes in St Martin's Hall they will remember that, even in my First Upper School, I never allowed this practice to be laid aside. Every new work, and every old one that wanted revival, was with us *sol-fa*ed before being sung. The advantages of this preliminary process are many; more indeed than I have time to specify. But the supreme advantage of *sol-fa*ing is that it obliges those who do it to give attention to what they are doing, and to do it for themselves. A member of a large chorus gifted with a good ear and a good memory may take part in twenty oratorios without ever looking at the book he holds in his hand. He can pick up from his neighbours, more skilled or more diligent than himself, bit by bit, and by ear, what he ought to make out by eye; and, doing this, he remains as much or as little "a musician," after his

twentieth oratorio as he was before he took part in the first. Were he obliged to *sol-fa*, this would be impossible. By means of the good ear and memory with which I have credited him, he can learn, catch up—



And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord

or any passage as tuneable, after one or two hearings. But if he be obliged to give to these sounds their names—on whatever system—he must look at them; and sooner or later, in spite of himself, he must learn to connect them with the sounds for which they stand. With children this connection is early and easily established; and if they begin early enough the *sol-fa* syllables become to them a means of appreciating, not only the *relative* but, more or less approximately, even the *absolute* pitch of sounds.

You all know that there are two ways of using the *sol-fa* syllables; one, by far the older, in which the tonic of every major scale and the third of every minor are called *Do*; the other in which the note C, in whatever scale or under whatever circumstances, is always called *Do*, the note D *Re*, and so on. I have discussed the comparative merits or advantages of these two uses at considerable length in my first Report (for 1872), and again in the preface to the book which I have already brought under your notice. I cannot do this again to-night. But I will tell you something which I did not know when I wrote that report and (much later) that preface. The organists and music-masters of our cathedral and choral schools are much more interested perhaps than any persons living in ascertaining the readiest as well as the best methods of teaching their choir boys to read music. In many of those schools, once, almost without exception, strong-holds of the movable *Do*, that time-honoured use of the *sol-fa* syllables has been lately given up, and the use of the fixed *Do* substituted for it. In all the principal London choirs I find this is so; at St Paul's, at Westminster Abbey, at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's, at the Temple, and at Lincoln's Inn the choir boys are taught by the fixed *Do*. Of the provincial choirs I have less information; but the fixed *Do* is certainly used at York and Ripon, and, I believe, at Lincoln, Norwich, and some others. But on this point I am not assured. The venerable organist of the last-named cathedral, Dr Buck, who, during a professional career, extending, I believe, over nearly seventy years, has been the teacher of more professional musicians than any contemporary, showed me, the last time I was at Norwich, a set of my "Large Sheets" hanging up in his class-room, from which he said he had made every generation of his boys practise something every day since he had had them, *i.e.*, since they were first published. It is not that the learned and skilful musicians who are at the head of these choirs are ignorant of what is to be said in favour of the old system; but they find it will not work—that it will not bear the pressure which modern music puts upon it. But that the movable *Do* is an imperfect instrument does not prove that the fixed *Do*, as it has up to a recent time been used, is a perfect one. I have long had doubts on this matter, and have latterly come to regard these as certainties. I have now to explain to you—and it was chiefly with the view of doing this that I have asked you to meet me to-night—certain changes in the manner of using the fixed *Do*, which, I think, should remove all reasonable objections thereto, and which, being adopted, would assure to it all the advantages claimed for the older method. I shall do this most briefly by reading a few passages from the preface to the book in which these changes are worked out.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(From our Correspondent.)

The Allen Opera Company is playing here to fine houses. Last night *Martha* was the opera given, and Miss Alice May was nearly smothered with bouquets at the conclusion of "The last rose of summer." Mr Beaumont received a flattering reception on his first appearance; and now another star is about joining it—Signor Susini. At the conclusion of the season the company proceeds to Melbourne, and opens at the Operahouse on the 7th of June. There is a probability of its going to India about the time of the Prince of Wales's visit, and afterwards to China.

Adelaide, May 15, 1875.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG*.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 459.)

Before resuming my analysis, scene by scene, of Wagner's drama, I will anticipate a few facts which gradually transpire in the course of the dialogue, but which I think it better for the reader to learn here. Wotan, to know the causes of his approaching doom, has descended to the mystic dwelling of Erda, whom, by the charm of his wooing love, he has compelled to disclose the future to him. Told of the danger threatening him if ever Alberich regain possession of the ring, Wotan thinks of means to defend his realm against the powers of darkness. The fruit of his and Erda's love, a beautiful maiden, hight Brynhild, with eight of their half-sisters, is chosen by Wotan, as Valkyrie, that is, "chooser of the elected." It is the duty of these maidens to excite valiant men to strife and battle, and to carry the souls of the fallen heroes up to Walhall, there to live in joy with All-father Wotan, and at the same time to protect his high hall, from the enemy's attack. Still more anxious is Wotan to regain possession of the magic ring, or at least to see it wrested from his enemies' power. Being precluded by his plighted promise from acting directly or indirectly towards this desired issue, Wotan discerns his only hope to rest in the free action of a god-inspired hero, who, guided by his own courage, and regardless of laws human or divine, would win the treasure. To create such a hero, Wotan has assumed the name of Volsung, a valorous man, and to him a human wife has born twin children, Siegmund and his sister Sieglinde. With his son he has roamed through the wild forest, both of them clad in the skins of wolves, a feature which also occurs in the Volsunga-saga, where, however, a sort of transformation into a wolfish nature seems to be indicated. Suchwise, the god prepares Siegmund for the great task assigned to him. From his mother and sister he has been separated in earliest childhood.

The orchestral introduction to the *Valkyrie* is of a wild stormy character. The incessant triplets in the violin are suggestive of the hail and rain beating on the leaves of tall trees, while the rolling figure in the bass seems to indicate the angry voice of the thunder. When the curtain rises we see the interior of a house roughly built of timber. A fire is burning on the hearth. In the centre of the empty room is seen the stem of a mighty ash, the foliage of which spreads above the roof. Siegmund enters in a state of exhaustion, and sinks down by the hearth. Sieglinde comes from an interior chamber, and gazes, astonished, on the stranger. Observing his exhausted state, she refreshes him with water; both look in each other's eyes with increasing though hardly conscious interest. To Siegmund's questions Sieglinde replies that he sees before him the wife of Hunding, whose arrival is soon announced by the sound of his horse's hoofs. On entering the room, Hunding at once notices the resemblance between the pair, but without remark bids his guest welcome. Siegmund is asked to tell his adventures, and, beginning with his early life, he narrates how, coming home from the forest, his father and he found their home destroyed by enemies, the mother killed, the sister carried off; how after that they lived the lives of outlaws, at war with the world, till at last his father was taken from him. Separated from him in battle, Siegmund had followed his trace everywhere, but at last finding an empty wolf-skin, his father's dress, concluded him to be slain. His last fight, Siegmund continues, has been to protect a maiden of their own kin, who wished to wed her to an unloved man. Overpowered by their number, and after his spear and shield had been broken, he had been compelled to fly and seek rest for the night in Hunding's house. "For one night," his host replies, "my house shall be thy refuge, but to-morrow see to thy weapon, for thou shalt pay with thy life for the dead." For Hunding himself is one of the tribe with whom Siegmund has fought that day.

Siegmund, left alone in the darkening room, muses over his threatening fate: without means of defence, he has fallen into the hands of his bitterest enemy. Suddenly the fire falls together, and from the sparks a sharp light is thrown on the spot in the ash-stem which Sieglinde, on being driven from the room by her husband, has pointed out with her look, and where now the hilt of a sword is seen more plainly. Soon Sieglinde reappears. Her

husband, she says, lies in deepest slumber, owing to the night-drink she has mixed for him. She is come to show a weapon to her friend—a weapon destined only for the bravest of the brave. The description of her wedding to Hunding, to whom she has been sold against her will, and the account she gives of the mysterious weapon in the ash-tree, tallies almost literally with the Volsunga-saga. I therefore prefer to let the old tale speak for itself, interpreted to the English reader by the incomparable translation of Mr W. Morris and Mr Magnusson. The scene lies in Hunding's house, in the identical room in which Siegmund and Sieglinde have met:—

"The tale tells that great fires were made endlong the hall, and the great tree aforesaid stood midmost thereof; withal folk say that, where, as men sat by the fires in the evening, a certain man came into the hall unknown of all men; and such like array he had, that over him was a spotted cloak, and he was barefoot, and had linen breeches knit tight even unto the bone, and he had a sword in his hand as he went up to the Branstock, and a slouched hat upon his head: huge he was, and seeming-ancient and one-eyed.* So he drew his sword and smote it into the tree-trunk, so that it sank in up to the hilt; and all held back from greeting the man. Then he took up the sword and said: Whoso draweth this sword from this stock shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find in good sooth that never bare he better sword in hand than this. Therewith out went the old man from the hall, and none knew who he was or whither he went. Now men stand up, and none would fain be the last to lay hand to the sword, for they deemed that he would have the best of it who might first touch it; so all the noblest went thereto first, and then the others one after other; but none who came thereto might avail to pull it out, for in nowise would it come away howsoever they tugged at it."†

"This is the sword," Sieglinde continues (in the drama); "for none but thee was it destined." But soon these warlike thoughts give way to tenderer emotions. An irresistible power seemed to draw the pair together when first they gazed in each other's eyes. Now that they are alone together in a splendid night in spring, their hearts beat stronger and stronger; closely they stand in each other's embrace. The lyrical pathos of the situation has here given Wagner an opportunity for a song of spring and love sweeter, perhaps, than ever music and poetry combined to bring forth. Not being able to give in words an idea of the two arts united, I will at least write down the verses, availing myself of the English version, contained in Mr Alfred Forman's rendering of the Niblung drama (printed for private circulation):—

"SIEGMUND. Winter storms have waned—at the wakening May,
and mildly spreads—his splendour Spring;
he buoys himself—on bending breezes
wonders wake—upon his way;
over field and forest—floats his freshness,
wide and lightning—laughs his look.
He sounds in boundless singing—of buoyant birds,
sweetening breath—his bosom swells:
from his blood are warmed and wakened—wildering
blossoms,
seed and shoot—he sends from his heart.
With winsome weapons' flash—he forces the world;
winter and storm have waned—at his steadfast war:
with dint of his dreadless strokes—the stubborn doors he
has daunted,
whose hindering hinge—withheld us from him.
To find his sister—he sets his flight,
'twas Love that lured the Spring;
behind our hearts—she deeply was hid;
now let her laugh to the light.
The bride and the sister—is free to the brother;
the walls are waste—that held them away;
greeting together—they shout as they go,
for Spring has lighted on Love!"

Over the further development of this marvellous love-scene we must pass rapidly. Sieglinde, reminded by the stranger's tale of the scenes of her early infancy, and struck with the resemblance of his features to her own, asks for his real name, which Siegmund

* This description of Wotan's dress, in his character as the "Wanderer," is typical in the old stories. One of his eyes he had given to the giant Mimir for a drink from the fount of wisdom, a circumstance the explanation of which I willingly leave to the expounders of the solo myth.

† See the story of Balin and Balan in our *Morte d'Arthur*.—ED. M. W.

no more withholds from her. "If thou art Siegmund," she exclaims, "this sword has been destined for thee by our father Volsung." Whereat Siegmund, with a mighty wrench, tears the holy weapon out of the stem. But this disclosure can no more quench the thirst of their passion, and the curtain drops over the unfortunate pair. The musical structure of this duet, with its gradual rise from anxious doubt to dithyrambic passion, has been called the highest flight of Wagner's muse, and it certainly holds its own, even if compared with those other masterpieces of concerted music: the duets between Senta and the Flying Dutchman, Elsa and Lohengrin, Iseult and Tristan, or, indeed, Siegfried and Brynhild in the second part of our present work. But, however much we may be impressed by the bold and again so infinitely tender strains of this music in reading it, the real value of a conception so intensely dramatic can be defined only by an actual embodiment on the stage.

(To be continued.)

SALVINI.

(From the "Saturday Programme.")

(Continued from page 460.)

On New Year's Day, in the year 1830, Tommaso Salvini was born at Milan. The year began well with such a birth. It could not hold back its splendid gifts, but poured them out at daybreak. Following a precedent which has been quoted over and over again, it was discovered that Salvini's father, and his mother also, who played under the name of Guglielmina Zocchi, were good and popular dramatic artists. The theory is that cleverness is not hereditary; that clever parents seldom are blessed with clever children. It is not so with actors. The greatest geniuses on the stage have always had some acting blood in their veins. The exceptional talent for dramatic art is certainly hereditary, and is more or less developed in the children of actors. The young Salvini soon showed extraordinary talent. His genius burst forth as early and as ripe as that of Goethe. He acted in the nursery, he acted at school. He was a born actor. No infant phenomenon this young Salvini, but such a genius already that he surprised his father and mother, who understood what good acting was. His father did not hesitate what to do. He placed him under the care of the famous Modena, who made him at once his favourite pupil. At the early age of thirteen Salvini's fame in boys' parts began to be talked about, and from this point he would have advanced at once, and unchecked, to the front, but he lost his affectionate father and mother before he was fifteen, and the loss so preyed on his sensitive nature that he was compelled to give up acting and commence studying again under Modena. Before 1848 we hear of Salvini for the first time in connection with the Ristori troupe, and listen to the first notes of their double triumph. In 1849 Salvini left the stage to fight for his country in the cause of Italian freedom, and gloriously distinguished himself. Those who have seen him in Othello can well understand what a warrior he must have been in the pride of his youth, strength, and beauty. His commanding officers must have expressed sincere regret when, the war over, Salvini determined to bid farewell to the tented field, and once more strode upon the stage. Peace having been declared, Salvini is seen in the theatrical company directed by Signor Cesari Dondini. He played in Nicolini's *Edipo*, a play written expressly for the young actor with such classical proclivities; but it was in Alfieri's *Saul* that he made his greatest triumph. Then it was that Italy took the young actor to her arms, and the fame of Modena was considered to have been exceeded by his distinguished pupil. The career of Salvini was now one round of triumphs. He visited Paris, and appeared as Orasme, Orestes, Saul, and Othello, to the delight of the art world of France. On his return to Florence, by the greatest luck in the world, Salvini commenced a long and lasting friendship with Lord Normanby, then am-

bassador for England at the Italian Court. It was at Lord Normanby's suggestion that Salvini commenced a long and earnest study of Shakspeare. They read the poet together, and the English statesman was able to give the actor some account of the traditions of the greatest Shaksperian actors he had seen. *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Coriolanus*, were all discussed and argued over by the Italian actor and the English nobleman, and from this friendship dates Salvini's wonderful Shaksperian enthusiasm. His worship of Shakspeare is profound. His house at home is full of Shaksperian pictures and relics, more or less connected with his art. In 1865, on the occasion of the sixth centenary of Dante's birthday, we find four of Italy's greatest artists appearing together in Silvio Pellico's tragedy, *Francesca di Rimini*. They are, of course, Salvini, Ristori, Rossi, and Mageroni. The fame of the actor advances. He is decorated by his king, and rewarded by the government of his country. He proceeds to Spain and Lisbon only to create fresh excitement, and to be rewarded afresh by the queen and king of each country. Before visiting England, it will be remembered that Salvini appeared with distinguished success in America, and gained the unanimous approval of all who most value dramatic art. The difficulty experienced by America, in that Salvini did not speak the language of the country, has not, at any rate, been felt so severely here as there. His genius has conquered everything, and each performance has gained fresh enthusiasts. Thus, then, with the unanimous approval of his native country, with the congratulations of France, Spain, Portugal, and America ringing in his ears, Tommaso Salvini stood on the stage of Drury Lane in England, in the country of Shakspeare, a foreigner, a stranger, determined, if possible, to test the question of the coldness of English audiences and their indifference to art. Those who were present on the occasion of that first representation of *Othello* are not likely to forget it. It was a revelation. We seemed to have been dreaming all these years, and to have been embracing shadows. First the splendid presence, and then the exquisite ease; next the incomparable nature, and lastly the triumphant power. Who can forget that first performance and its effect upon the house! *Othello* had never been seen before, for this was as different to the English conventional *Othello* as daylight to darkness. The dignified repose of the address to the senate; the absorbing love of *Othello* for his wife; the subtle dawn of jealousy; the effort to beat back suspicion and shudder at it; the gradual poisoning of the mind; the frightful agony of the tortured man; the tiger-like ferocity of the passionate and generous nature when once disturbed; the long, beautiful love suddenly turned into the deepest hate; the intense sarcasm of the scene with Emilia; and then, to crown all, that marvellous last act, which it is the merest affectation to call overstrained. All these points have been commented on with sufficient minuteness. But they will never be forgotten. They leave such a vivid impression on the memory that it is impossible that either time or change can eradicate them.

(To be continued.)

DICKENS AND SALVINI.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I feel interested, with very many others, in all that relates to Charles Dickens, especially when connected with one who has recently made himself famous in this country; I would, therefore, ask where the authority is to be found for the assertion that our distinguished novelist said that Salvini "was the greatest actor in the world, after seeing him perform in Rome in the year 1859"—see "Jottings from London," in your last number. I do not find it recorded in Foster's Life, and I consider the fact is sufficiently interesting to have further prominence at the present moment.

Truly yours,

T. F. D. C.

9, Pelham Place, Brompton, S. W., 12th July, 1875.

DEATH.

On July 13th, after a short illness, M^{de} JULLIEN, widow of Louis Jullien, of glorious memory.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

THE autograph letter (*fac-simile*) from this great English musician, promised to our readers last week, will be found in the extra half-sheet which accompanies the present issue of the *Musical World*. The "Sonata" referred to is the now well-known *Maid of Orleans*; the "fair patroness" for whom it was written and to whom it was dedicated is Arabella Goddard.

THE *Hon* of Hungary recently published an article entitled:—"Franz Liszt at Home and in the Grand World." In one part of this article, the writer says:—

"Nothing can well be more interesting than Liszt's Diary, in which, from day to day, he regularly enters everything interesting that has happened to him in the course of the twenty-four hours. Of its contents no one has an idea, for no one was ever yet allowed to glance over its pages. Liszt keeps this Diary, already consisting of several thick volumes, even from the eyes of his most confidential friends. If one of those who have always free access to him happens to come into his study, while he is entering anything, Liszt immediately puts the book away under lock and key. The contents will, probably, not be known to the world until after his death. When, however, they are published, these pages will form a valuable and authentic record of the experiences of one who played an equally important part in the artistic and in the social world."

May that time be long postponed. We wish we could find space for the whole of the *Honnish* (*Hunnish*) article.

Mrs Shirley Brooks.

THE following letter, or we are greatly mistaken, will be read with universal interest in literary circles:—

"SIR,—I am glad to see that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has opened the question of Mrs Shirley Brooks's pension. I have been looking daily for the announcement that the Government had recognized the claims of the widow of a faithful worker and a good man—more especially a Conservative Government, from which one would naturally expect the grateful recognition of Conservative support. It seems to me that everyone, with or without a claim, has been pensioned but Mrs Shirley Brooks, the widow of the former editor of *Punch*. The widows of men of social position and private fortune, with influential friends and many helping hands; living authors and authoresses of mark and wealth; some with a reputation that coins money like the mint; some with husbands in business doing a vast and lucrative trade—all these are pensioned;

but Mrs Shirley Brooks, the widow of a purely literary man, left with only two hundred a-year, and two boys under age, has not been placed on the list. Yet an additional hundred would be a vital gain to her; while the hundred granted to one or two I could name represents only so much to spend in unnecessary indulgence.

"E. L. L."

No man who for a long period possessed so much influence as the late Shirley Brooks ever used it more consistently or more largely for good.

D. B.

The season of French operas at the Gaiety comes to an end on Friday next, the 23rd inst. No more new works will be produced.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

THE features at the last Philharmonic concert, in St James's Hall, were a violin concerto, by Vieuxtemps, splendidly executed by M. Wieniawski, and an "Idyll" to the memory of the late Sterndale Bennett, composed by his most gifted fellow-student, and successor, as "Principal," at the Royal Academy of Music—Dr G. A. Macfarren. The "Idyll" is an orchestral work, replete with genuine feeling, magnificently scored, and altogether a worthy tribute to the great English musician who has passed from among us. It was well performed, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cousins, listened to with the utmost interest, and applauded with such unanimity that Dr Macfarren felt compelled to rise from his seat and acknowledge the honour paid to him. There were two symphonies—Haydn's in E flat (No. 10 of the Saloman set), and Beethoven's in C minor. M^{lle} Tietjens was the singer; and, as usual, the final concert was brought to an end with Weber's *Jubilee* overture.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Many inaccurate statements having appeared in the musical and other journals, respecting the attendance, &c., at my Organ Concerts in the Leeds Town Hall, I shall be glad if you will permit me to say that, on the last occasion, when the average of each performance for a year was taken, the numbers on Saturday evenings (vocal music being sometimes added), were 665, and on Tuesday afternoons (3 to 4) 131.

At the last audit of accounts there was (after payment of all expenses), a small loss, amounting to rather less than one halfpenny per annum to each ratepayer of this wealthy borough! The admission charges are 1s., 6d., and 3d. on Saturdays, and 6d. and 3d. on Tuesdays; these nominal prices enabling all classes to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing a variety of classical and popular music at a low rate. I shall be glad if other organists occupying a similar position to myself will give the public authentic information on this subject, so interesting to those who are desirous of making the large organs in our huge Town Halls both a pecuniary and artistic success.

It must be borne in mind that, with little exception, these organ recitals in the Leeds Town Hall have been given every Tuesday afternoon, and often on Saturday evenings, by our performer, ever since the opening of the Hall, in 1858, and I am assured that the annual attendance has exceeded that of any other similar institution in England, excepting Liverpool, where a floating population of 30,000 furnishes a ready audience to see the lions, and hear some of them roar.

On some of my visits to the Albert Hall, Kensington, for organ recitals given by eminent players, I could almost count the numbers in the different parts of the building on the fingers of my hands; and I have often attended "Classical Chamber Concerts" in Leeds, and in other provincial towns, where the audiences (numbering less than 100) might indeed be termed "wretched," and which would afterwards be described in print, by friendly critics, as "a fair attendance."—Yours, faithfully,

WM SPARK.

Leeds, July 14, 1875.

PESTH.—The post of conductor, vacant at the National Theatre in consequence of the departure of Hans Richter for Vienna, has been offered to M. de Mihailovich, who declines it, the reason assigned being that he is at present engaged in composing an opera, the libretto of which has been written for him by Wagner.

LEIPZIG.—The Stadttheater will, as heretofore, be carried on by private enterprise, and not, as previously announced, by an Intendant managing it "at a fixed salary of 15,000 marks a year, with 15 per cent. on the gross receipts." Such is the resolution passed at a meeting of the Town Commissioners.



September 26,
1872
38, Duconderough Terrace,
Kensington Gardens. W.

My dear J. W. D.

Have you
released yourself from all the
serenades and minims consequent
upon Worcester and Norwich?

I want you to listen
for a moment to an
old tinker of a composer
whose name, if he finishes
the letter will be found
at the end —

(Please turn over)

I have a Sonata in hand
for my fair patroness,
to whom I wish to dedicate
it - Can I do so? she
shall not be tied down
to play it in public, but
I offer it, purely and
simply as a mark of
my regard and heartfelt
Thanks for what has been
done for me. by her

in the past -

Would you like to see
some of it? - The first
3 movements are finished
not worse than many like
things I have done -

Ever yours
as of old
W. Bennett

* The first 2 movements
engraved - the 3^d went
yesterday - the last
movement, just beginning

J. M. Davison Esq
36 Tavistock Place
Tavistock Square
W C

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR OBERTHÜR'S *matinée musicale* took place at his residence, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, on Wednesday, June 30th, under the immediate patronage of her Grace the Duchess of Wellington. The vocalists were Miss Sophie Ferrari, Monsieur Godrant, and Signor Caravoglia. The instrumentalists were, violin, Herr Joseph Ludwig; violoncello, Signor B. Albert; harp, Miss Marion Beard, Miss Kate Dyne (pupils of Mr Oberthür), and Mr Oberthür. The following is the programme—Grand Trio (original), F minor, for violin, violoncello, and harp (Herr J. Ludwig, Signor Albert, and Mr Oberthür)—C. Oberthür; Aria, "Non più andrai" (Signor Caravoglia)—Mozart; Solos, violin, "Notturmo" (arranged by Wilhelmj), Chopin, and "Preludium" (Herr J. Ludwig)—S. Bach; Romance, "Assisa al piè d'un salice" (Miss Sophie Ferrari)—Rossini; Solo, harp, *Oberon*, Grand Fantaisie caractéristique (Mr Oberthür)—Parish-Alvares; Romance, "Ne parle pas Rou" (*Dragons de Villars*) (Monsieur Godrant)—Marllart; Duo, violoncello and harp, "Fantaisie originale" (Signor Albert and Mr Oberthür)—A. Zamara; Nocturne, for three harps (Miss M. Beard, Miss K. Dyne, and Mr Oberthür)—C. Oberthür; Solo, violoncello, "Beryseuse" (Signor Albert)—Seligmann; Song, "I know my love loves me" (Miss Sophie Ferrari)—Rosetta O'Leary Vinning; Solo, harp (with violoncello *obligato*), "Fairy legend" (the violoncello part added by Signor Zamara, of Vienna) (Mr Oberthür and Signor Albert)—C. Oberthür; Song, "She and I" (Signor Caravoglia)—Louisa Gray; Song, "A quoi sort la terre" (Monsieur Godrant)—Darcks; Solo, harp (new), English melodies of the olden time (Mr Oberthür)—C. Oberthür. The rooms—most tastefully decorated with flowers—were quite filled by a distinguished audience. The concert gave evident satisfaction. Each movement of Mr Oberthür's trio was highly appreciated, especially the *scherzo* and *finale*. Not less effective was his trio for three harps, in which Mr Oberthür and two of his clever pupils were heard to advantage. Miss Sophie Ferrari met with deserved applause in the romance from *Otello*, as well as Mrs O'Leary Vinning's song. Equally successful was Signor Caravoglia in Mozart's *aria*, and Louisa Gray's well-known song. Monsieur Godrant sang two French songs in good style. Mr Ludwig and Signor Albert played with exquisite taste on their respective instruments, and the latter pleased greatly in the violoncello *obligato* part to Mr Oberthür's "Fairy legend," in which the accomplished composer's performance of the harp part was deservedly admired, as it was also in Parish-Alvares' solo fantasia, *Oberon*. Mr Oberthür's arrangement of "English melodies of the olden time" concluded the *matinée* with *éclat*, and the audience separated to the strain of "Home, sweet home," played in perfection by the concert-giver.

ST MARY'S HALL, CANONBURY.—A very interesting musical performance was given on Tuesday evening, July 13th, on the occasion of a presentation to Miss Northcroft, Principal, in acknowledgment of the zeal and energy with which she has conducted the Ladies' College for a period of twenty-five years. The testimonial, from a large circle of friends and admirers, consisted of a purse containing a hundred guineas, a handsome silver salver, and an elegant silver bouquet-holder. Mrs John Macfarren and Mr Henry Holmes commenced the concert with one of Beethoven's Sonatas, for pianoforte and violin, and, later in the evening, played a Rondo, by Mozart, for the same instruments. The talented violinist also executed, in his most finished manner, the "Elegie" by Ernst, and the accomplished pianist gave a selection from the works of Schumann, Weber, Hans von Bülow, and other composers. Mr Mellish played Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor; and the vocal portion of the programme was contributed by Miss Edith Wynne. This musical treat was highly appreciated by a densely-crowded company. In another part of the establishment some admirable performances, chiefly by students of the college, were given, under the able direction of Mr Handel Gear.

Mrs LIEBHART gave a concert, (by the kind permission of Capt. and Mrs Coster), at 137, Harley Street, in aid of a charitable purpose. This is the first concert the fair artist has given since her return from America. Great praise is due to her for bringing so many artist-friends round her to help in her charitable object. Sir Julius Benedict presided over the little festival, and had the gratification to hear his charming new song, "Norah's Message," sung by Mrs Liebhart, repeated by unanimous desire. The other principal artists were Mrs Marie Roze, Mlle Breton, Mlle Bunsen; Signor Caravoglia, Herr Werrenrath, Mr W. Shakespeare, Herr Blume, Signor Mattei, Miss Lilly Albrecht, M. Pague, and Mr Aptommas. All these artists, so well known and appreciated, exerted themselves *con amore*. If we were to give a detailed account, it would fill a volume; suffice it that Mlle Bunsen, in W. Ganz's song, "Forget-me-not," was encored. Mlle Breton, Mrs Marie Roze, M. Pague, Mr Aptommas, Signor Mattei, and Miss Lilly Albrecht, were equally

applauded, and the latter warmly applauded for her performance of Thalberg's Andante in D flat. The splendid rooms of Captain and Mrs Coster were filled with an audience of the highest rank. Sir Julius Benedict, in conjunction with Messrs Ganz, Vaschetti, and Herr S. Lehmeier, were the conductors.

MISS CLINTON FYNES, an esteemed young pianist, gave her annual *matinée*, at her residence in Baker Street, on Monday last. An appreciative audience filled the rooms to overflow. Miss Fynes' only solo performances were a *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, and an Impromptu by Chopin; but she played, with the composer, Mr John Thomas's admired duet for harp and pianoforte, on airs from M. Gounod's *Faust*, which did not, however, make the impression so brilliant a composition deserved; Wolff and Vieuxtemps' Grand Duo, on airs from *Oberon*, for pianoforte and violin, with Mr Carrodus, who "outhone" himself in this as he did afterwards in a "Romance e Presto, alla Tarantella," for violin solo, composed expressly for him by Mr Berthold Tours, and for which the eminent English violinist was honoured by a "recall;" and Haydn's Trio in G major, with Madame Varley Liebe and Herr Theodore Liebe. In each of these performances Miss Clinton Fynes proved herself an artist of high merit. Madame Varley Liebe, besides joining Miss Fynes in Haydn's Trio, played Molique's "Arioso" and Bach's "Bourée," for violin solo, and was deservedly applauded and recalled; and Herr Theodore Liebe played, in good style, a romance, for violoncello solo, by Mendelssohn. Miss Edith Wynne sang, with her usual excellence, Mr John Thomas's setting of "There be none of beauty's daughters," and, on being encored, "The ash grove." Miss Catherine Arnold, a young and inexperienced singer, possessing, however, a good voice, gave a serenade, with violin *obligato* (Mr Carrodus); and Mr Nelson Varley sang, with effect, Blumenthal's "My queen," and a pleasing song, by Mr King Hall, entitled, "Moss roses." The *matinée* closed with Haydn's Trio in G. Mr King Hall was the accompanist of the vocal music.

MR. G. W. HAMMOND'S morning concert took place on Thursday, July 8th, at St James's Hall, Piccadilly. The following is the programme:—Sonata for pianoforte (Op. 27, No. 2), Moonlight (Mr G. W. Hammond)—Beethoven; Song, "Porgi amor" (Miss Julia Wigan)—Mozart; Sonata, for two pianofortes (Mr W. H. Holmes and Mr G. W. Hammond)—Mozart; Solo, violin, Preludio—Adagio, "Retrospect," and "Bourrée" (Mr Henry Holmes)—Holmes and Bach; Song, "Memories" (words by Mrs Baines) (Mr F. Holmes)—W. H. Holmes; Solos, pianoforte, "Nocturne" and "Idylle" (Mr G. W. Hammond)—Kalliwoda; Song, "He roamed in the forest" (Miss Annie Butterworth—by permission of the Royal Academy of Music)—O'Leary; Chamber Trio (Op. 26), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mr G. W. Hammond, Mr Henry Holmes, and Herr Lutgen)—Sir Sterndale Bennett; Quintet, in E flat (Op. 44), for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mr G. W. Hammond, Mr Henry Holmes, Mr Mori, Mr A. Burnett, and Herr Lutgen)—Schumann; Song, "Mater Dolorosa" (Miss Julia Wigan)—Schumann; Variations Concertante (Op. 17), for pianoforte and violoncello (Mr G. W. Hammond and Herr Lutgen)—Mendelssohn; Canzonet, "Sailor's Song" (Mr F. Holmes)—Haydn; Solos, pianoforte, Romance Russe, "Ivanowa," "Fountain Melodies," and Polonaise, in C major (Op. 89), (Mr G. W. Hammond)—G. W. Hammond and Beethoven. Mr Hammond's performances were, as usual, those of an accomplished artist, and his reading of the works of the classical masters was marked by a thorough knowledge and appreciation of their meaning. The late Sir Sterndale Bennett's trio received ample justice from Mr Hammond and the intelligent artists who assisted him in its performance. Mr Hammond, whose compositions are numerous, only favoured his audience with two, "Romance Russe" and "Fountain Melodies," but they were both excellent of their kind. Among the vocal pieces worthy of note was a song by Mr W. H. Holmes, set to some charming words by Mrs Baines, entitled "Memories," sung *con amore* by Mr Frank Holmes (a son of its accomplished composer); and among the instrumental a charming violin solo, composed and played by Mr Henry Holmes, entitled "Retrospect." Mr Arthur O'Leary was conductor.

MR JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT gave a *matinée* on Wednesday, at his residence, 41, Portadown Road, Maida Vale, which was crowded by a select and brilliant audience, to hear some of Mr Barnett's new compositions, as well as the "classical pieces" Mr Barnett included in his programme. The first piece given was Schubert's "Grand Rondo," played by Miss Emma Barnett and Mr J. F. Barnett. Miss Barnett also took the pianoforte part in her brother's elegant Trio in C minor, in conjunction with Herr Politzer (violin) and Herr Lutgen (violoncello). The fair young pianist's solo was Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise, in E flat," in which Miss Barnett's perfect phrasing and refined execution made an impression on her audience that will not easily be effaced. Mr Barnett played his admired fantasia on the

melodies selected from his *Ancient Mariner*, as only a composer can play his own work, and, with Herr Pollitzer, the "Kreutzer" Sonata. The new "Concerto Pastorale," composed by Mr J. F. Barnett for the flute, of which we have already made favourable mention, was played to perfection by Mr G. A. Collard. Miss Katherine Poyntz sang Lotti's "Pur dicesti," Brahms's "Cradle Song," and an English ballad, and, with Miss Catherine Barnett, Weber's duet, "Come, be gay." Miss Catherine Barnett also sang Bach's aria, "My heart ever faithful" (violinello obbligato, Herr Lutgen). Mr Thurley Beale gave Schubert's "Wanderer," and a new and clever song (words by Mr Finlay Finlayson), called "The Rock of Ages," capably set to music by Mr J. F. Barnett. It was most warmly received, and was effectively sung. This *matinée* was a great success.

Mr HENRY LESLIE finished his twentieth season with an extra concert on the 9th of July. It attracted a crowded audience, and was one of the most successful of the season. The solo vocalists were Mr Sims Reeves (a host in himself), Miss Eva Leslie, and the Misses Allitsen. Mr Sims Reeves gave Beethoven's "Adelaide" (accompanied by Mr Charles Hallé) and Sullivan's "Once again," and also joined Miss Eva Leslie in Donizetti's duet, "Tornami a dir." It is needless to say in what magnificent style the great tenor rendered the songs which have now become associated with his name. Miss Eva Leslie, in the duet, "Tornami a dir," and in Gounod's "Ave Maria," sang with expression, and displayed to great advantage her pure contralto voice. The Misses Allitsen, who sang for the first time at St James's Hall, confirmed the favourable impression they have lately created; with every new appearance they gain confidence, and make a fresh step in the estimation of the public. In Balfe's duet, "Trust her not," and in Rossini's "Giorno d'orroro"—especially in the latter—their voices blended charmingly, and they executed the most difficult passages with such care and finish as to deserve and meet with the warmest applause. They were unanimously recalled after each duet. Miss Allitsen, in Hullah's "Three Fishers," showed advantageously her beautiful contralto voice and her artistic feeling. She was twice recalled, but could not be prevailed upon to repeat the song. Mr Charles Hallé contributed solos on the pianoforte by Schumann and Heller, and joined Mr Henry Holmes in Mozart's Sonata in A, for pianoforte and violin. Mr Holmes also played Beethoven's Romance, for the violin, in F. The singing of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir was, of course, the great feature of the evening. Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Judge me, O God," and Wesley's "In Exitu Israel." The choristers more than sustained their high reputation.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—Some vocal recitals have been given lately at the Aquarium. Last week, *Der Freischütz* and *La Sonnambula* were laid under contribution, the vocalists being Miss Blanche Tersee, Miss Alice Williams, Mme Estelle Emrick; Messrs George Perren and Fox. During the past week Miss Catherine Penna has been the vocalist. This day and evening (Saturday), Mme Castellan, the violinist, and Master Harry Walker, the pianist, are the attractions. Mr Kuhe announces his intention of giving three subscription concerts, in which Mme Adelina Patti, Mdle Albani, and Mme Nilsson are to be the *prime donne*.

DUBLIN.—The attendance recently at the promenade concerts at the Theatre Royal was scarcely as good as might be expected, although the programmes were of an attractive character. Madame Sicklemore, a very pleasing vocalist with a good soprano voice and an excellent style, made a most satisfactory impression. Mr Pearson's voice has gained in power since he was last heard in Dublin. Mr Maybrick has also done remarkably well. Among the most interesting features of the concerts have been the performances of Mdle Claryte San Juan, the young and Spanish lady violinist, and Miss Ada Lester, the interesting young pianist from London.

CHELTHAM.—A testimonial was presented to Mr J. O. Smith, late organist of Christ Church, in this town, consisting of a silver tea and coffee service of the choicest pattern (Etruscan), tastefully arranged, and a brass-bound oak chest for the same. Upon the teapot is inscribed: "This service, with a purse of fifty sovereigns, is presented to J. O. Smith, Esq., by members of Christ Church congregation and other friends, on the occasion of his leaving that Church, after a faithful discharge of his duties as organist for twenty-seven years.—Cheltenham, June 19th, 1875." Accompanying the testimonial is an address, beautifully illuminated and framed. In addition to this there was another testimonial from the professional members of Christ Church choir, and other musical friends resident in the town, which consisted of a splendid dining-room clock and barometer in black marble, with a gilt plate bearing a suitable inscription; a drawing of the organ upon which Mr Smith performed, and

an address printed upon satin, in a gilt frame. The first of these was presented in the afternoon, and the second on the evening of the same day. Mr Gilding read the address which was feelingly responded to by Mr Smith. After the congratulations, an extemporised concert of sacred music took place including the songs, "If with all your hearts," and "O rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn); the choruses, "The heavens are telling" (Haydn); "Lift up your heads," and the "Hallelujah" (Handel); after which the deputation sat down to supper.

GRANTHAM.—A correspondent writes us word that a grand military concert was given on 6th inst., under the auspices of the Horticultural Society, at the Exchange Hall, by the 2nd Dragoon Guards, with Madame Billinie Porter as vocalist. There was a large and aristocratic assemblage, and the concert gave great satisfaction as proved by the applause and the number of encores accorded to the band and vocalist. The playing of the band, indeed, afforded a rich musical treat, and the local paper says that Madame Porter sang with charming effect the waltz, "L'Ardisia," and in Pinsuti's "I love my love" she was very successful. In Weber's "Softly Sighs" and Bishop's "Bid me discourse" there was the same pleasing expression and excellence of tone. The waltz was sung with remarkable power and finish and met with enthusiastic applause. Mr H. P. Dickenson ably accompanied.

BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, having returned from his visit to Paris, has been stopping at Nieder-Walluf, on the Rhine. *Appropos* to this gentleman, he may be—though I by no means affirm that he is—the person with whom the Crown Prince had a highly interesting conversation a short time since, regarding the state of dramatic matters in Berlin. But whether he is so, or not, the person in question is closely connected with the theatres. The Prince expressed himself as viewing with very decided disfavour all the light wares which are, in various shapes, introduced, year after year, upon the German stage from France. "Never," said his Royal Highness, "will I go and see these pieces; never will I sanction, as it were, by my presence, the various specimens of such shallow stuff, be it spoken or sung, for I entirely set my face against it. This is, indeed, a sorry acquisition we have gained from France. Look" he continued, "at the company from the Meinigen Court Theatre. The members of it are certainly not all, without exception, first-class actors. But they possess artistic earnestness; they play well together; and they represent no worthless rubbish, but the works of the great masters. Offer the public something good, and they will be eager enough to receive it. As a case in point, I may mention the performances, at reduced prices of admission, of the Royal Operahouse and the Theatre Royal. There is not a place unoccupied. The better portion of the public do not fly from what is good; on the contrary, they seek it. Shall I tell you what has a fine future in Berlin? The National Theatre, out on the Weinbergsgeweg. Classical pieces are there performed for the people at moderate prices, and, to be frank, I myself am very fond of going there."

At a Committee which met the other day, to consider the question of the portrait-medallions that shall adorn the exterior of the Rathhaus, it was proposed to make some modifications in the existing list. It appears pretty certain that three of the portraits at present included in the list will have to give place to those of Lessing, Tieck, and Meyerbeer.

Manageresses are not so plentiful in Germany as they are in England. In fact, a Manageress in the former country is a sort of *rara avis*. I may, therefore, mention that Mad. Caroline Ernst, wife of the ex-stage-manager, of the Royal Operahouse here, and present manager of the Stadttheater, Cologne, has not only managed for several years past, and with gratifying success, the Stadttheater, Mayence, but has now both that Theatre and the Stadttheater, Coblenz, under her direction.

The Minister of Public Worship, Dr Falk, has recommended to all whom it may concern the *Allgemeines Choralbuch für die deutsche Evangelische Kirche*, by Herren Jacob and Richter.

Mdle Angelika Dossi, a pupil of Sig. Lamperti, of Milan, has been engaged for two years, from the 1st August, at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater.

CONCERT BY THE PRIZE WINNERS AT THE
CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Last Saturday's concert (July 10th), was certainly one of interest to all who watch the progress of the divine art, and take pleasure in our home institutions. Except through such occasions people hardly know, or knowing, scarcely heed, what is going on in our midst, and are not aware of the advantages we possess. Those who were present on Saturday, and saw the proficiency and evidences of careful training displayed by the *débutants*, must have acknowledged the fact that we have, through our excellent institutions, means of obtaining a thorough musical education, and that we do not need to seek abroad that which we can perhaps better obtain at home. Of the twenty-five chosen to compete for prizes, we understand nine were pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, three of whom were prize-winners. Much is expected of this institute, and it always keeps faith with the public by never disappointing it. Being, as it is, under the direction and tuition of some of the first professors in the land (and that is to say in the world), it has advantages that no other can claim. The programme was well rendered, under the direction of the most august Auguste Manns. The admirable choruses and bands had already won and gilded their spurs, but for most of the soloists it was a first appearance in grand concert. Each one may be pleased with his or her success. More especially so, perhaps, may be Miss Primrose—pardon—we mean Miss Butterworth—winner of the first contralto prize, who sang Henry Smart's beautiful ballad, "The Lady of the Lea," charmingly. She is a pupil in Signor Randegger's class at the Royal Academy, as is also Miss Reimer, winner of the second contralto prize, who sang, with much pathos, his exquisite "Slumber Song," accompanied by Signor Randegger and the cellos. Miss Agnes Larcom, winner of the first soprano prize, a pupil of Signor Garcia's, won much credit in "Casta Diva." This aria is an ordeal to old artists, and especially, taken separate from the *scena*, is most trying. Miss Larcom, however, won the sympathy of her audience. The prizes were distributed by our honoured artist, M^{me} Lind-Goldschmidt, who had, as she always has, a word of encouragement and sympathy for each artist.

The prizes were thus awarded:—First soprano (a purse of £25), to Miss Agnes Larcom; second soprano (a purse of £10), to Miss Carrina; first contralto (a purse of £25), to Miss Annie Butterworth; second contralto (a purse of £10), to Miss Emma Reimer; first tenor (a purse of £25), to Mr George Sylvester; second tenor (a purse of £10), to Mr Lawrence Freyer; first baritone, or bass, (a purse of £25), to Mr Edward Wharton; second bass (a purse of £10 each), to Mr Henry Cross and Mr Frank Thomas. Also—to the Liverpool Representative Choir, a purse of £100, and to the band of the Carron Works, Norwich, a purse of £50.

Where are we to find new artists? We have need to ask, for the demand is urgent; and we look to our institutions to aid us, for they are the gardens in which our choicest flowers are nurtured. Ruskin says that a certain amount of genius is born every year. We cannot doubt Ruskin; but we are unfortunate, and discover but a small per-centage. We use genius only for models, to show us what perfection may be obtained.

There is but one Jenny Lind, one Patti, one Nilsson, one Tietjens; and, do our best, we cannot flood the market by a surplus. We might as well say we would have Michael Angelos and Raphaels on our walls, as to depend altogether upon geniuses. Genius is what botanists style, the breaking of the seedling tulip into high-cast colours. There is no accounting for it. We gather ten thousand flowers, but find one with the divine streak. We can only believe that it is a caprice of Mother Nature.

Let us in every way encourage these young artists (selfishly, perhaps, for we need every one of them), and also give our earnest support to the means of bringing them forward.

ROMANA.

GRATZ.—M^{lle} Carlotta Patti gave a concert here on the 20th ult. On the 23rd and 24th of the same month, she was to sing at Agram; on the 26th, at Baden; on the 29th, at Marienbad; on the 2nd inst., at Teplitz; on the 4th, at Prague; on the 10th, at Reichenberg; on the 12th, at Franzensbad; on the 17th, at Pilsen; on the 20th, at Ischl, on the 22nd, at Gmunden. This would be a month's work, even for a Queen's Messenger.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Madame Christine Nilsson is a frequent giver of grand concerts, and, as her name is a tower of strength, there are few that are so attractive, and, it may be presumed, so lucrative. On Wednesday evening, one of these costly events came off at the Royal Albert Hall, and, notwithstanding the miserable condition of the weather, drew a large and brilliant attendance. The programme was eminently inviting in many respects, for, in addition to the distinguished *bénéficiaire* herself, the best names of Mr Mapleson's company were in it, the public interest being still further tempted by the promise of Mr Sims Reeves, who happily, let it be recorded, was at his post. Like all the concerts of this kind, the selection was partly composed of appropriations from the opera-house, and, as other matters which the public are never tired of hearing was mingled with them, the popular taste could not well have been more agreeably consulted. M^{lle} Christine Nilsson received a golden welcome. She was in her choicest voice, and appealed with her customary success to the sympathies of the audience in Handel's showy air, "Let the bright seraphim," in which Mr Reynolds was her coadjutor on the trumpet. A new ballad by Mr Arthur Sullivan, called "Let me dream again," was the second of her solo efforts; and as the song has been written, it may be inferred, chiefly for her, and is in itself as interesting as it is sentimental, like all the compositions for household use by the same writer, it fell upon no inattentive ears, and was encoored with acclamation. M^{lle} Tietjens, too, was as fresh and as buoyant as if the season was only just beginning instead of just terminating, and she shows how firmly she still grasps the sceptre of executancy by her performance of the florid "Il soave, e bel contento," and how gracefully she can descend to such comparatively small matters as "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the "Last rose of summer;" and it was also shown how dearly the public still loves the two extremes. The *Berceuse* of Gounod ("Quand tu chantes"), and Offenbach's "C'est l'Espagne," are old favourites of Madame Trebelli, and not less so of her admirers. These were the offerings of the ever-welcome contralto upon the present occasion, and gladly were they listened to. Loudly, also, were they applauded; the prescriptive encore, as a matter of course, following the *chanson*. Besides the above-mentioned ladies, there was M^{me} Anna de Belocca to lend further *prestige* to the concert, and, in the "Una voce" of Rossini, this adroit singer was heard at her best, and the best of M^{me} Anna de Belocca is something very good indeed. Signor Campanini essayed newer ground, and sang, for the first time in this country, so far as we know, a love song from Verdi's unheard opera, *Aida*, the music of which is pleasing, and will probably be in request. Novelty, on the other hand, was not sought for by Mr Sims Reeves, who, in the first instance, contented himself, and, at the same time, his audience, by singing "Come into the garden, Maud," and subsequently the pretty song by F. Cowen, called "Aubade," which he sang, the programme informed us, "by desire," and with reason, for it was encoored. The remaining vocalists were Signor Foli, Signor de Reschi, and Herr Behrens. The first gave Barri's "Shadow of the Cross," and Loder's "Diver"; the second, Stanziere's "Io t'amero"; and the third, "The Wanderer"—each artist making his usual impression, and gathering his usual laurels. The specialty of the concert was, perhaps, the famous *Preghiera* from *Mose in Egitto*, which was sung at the commencement of the second part by all the principal singers, backed by the chorus of Her Majesty's Opera, with a grandeur of effect to which no one could be indifferent. Nothing so imposing, in spite of the absence of an orchestra, has been heard in the concert-room this year; and it is to be regretted that the opportunities of giving this broad and stately prayer, with all the necessary pomp and circumstance, so seldom occur. Another attractive vocal incident was the "Magic wove scarf," of Barnett—always a pleasant bit of concerted singing, and particularly so when the vocalists are such world-wide celebrities as Madame Christine Nilsson, Mr Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli. No orchestra, as we have intimated, was in commission, but the choristers of Her Majesty's Opera House began and ended the concert with the "Qui la selva" of Bellini, and the "Nume del ciel" of Auber, and, it will be quite understood, with their usual well practised ability. The conductors were Signor Li Calci and Mr F. Cowen.

MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(Concluded from page 462.)

Another musical society of a different class, "The Philharmonic," still exists, and may it long continue to do so. This society was founded in the year 1826, and had its first meetings in the drawing-rooms of Mr Power, the music-seller, 4, Westmoreland Street. Mr Bussell was its founder and was its first leader. He afterwards became secretary and conductor. Mr Bussell has for the last two years resigned the *bâton* into the hands of Sir Robert Stewart, but he still acts as secretary. To this gentleman's courage, invariable attention, and ability, the society mainly owes its continuance. Other societies which seemed to have more vitality—instance the Antients—have succumbed; but the Philharmonic still holds its weekly meetings for orchestral practice, still gives its concerts for the entertainment of the members and their friends, and still it presents the instrumental works of the great masters to its audiences. Were the Philharmonic allowed to fall into abeyance we almost think it would be the death blow to artistic progress in Dublin. It keeps together a band for the weekly practice of orchestral music. Likewise through its exertions are the subscribers enabled to hear the greatest artists, both vocal and instrumental, who have shone on the continent. To enumerate the number of musical celebrities engaged by this society since its formation would fill an entire paper. Frequently are the lovers of music here placed upon a par with the *dilettanti* of London by the engagements made. We must say that latterly the "Philharmonic" has not received that amount of public support and appreciation which its efforts in the cause of art have so richly deserved. Here, comparing the present with the past, we must say there is a decadence in musical taste amongst the better classes. Were the educated public alive to the elevating influences of the orchestral music of Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, they would seek to make the band larger by the engagement of competent performers; and they would see that those difficulties in the way of the formation of a well-balanced orchestra, such as horns, bassoons, clarinet, and oboes, were well provided for. Then should we have a band in Dublin equal to high artistic requirements. What seems more exigently to be desired is a revival of that taste which formerly existed amongst amateurs for the practice of the string quartet. If the latter were in vogue in our drawing-rooms, the number of performers would increase, and, in their amalgamation at stated times, would form the nucleus of a permanent and efficient band. The wind and percussion instruments could be easily added. The University Choral Society, which was established in the year 1837, is, we are happy to say, still in existence. It was originated by Mr Joseph Robinson, who lent his talents to its direction for many years. After he resigned he was succeeded as conductor by Mr (afterwards Doctor and now Sir Robert) Stewart. Looking at the opportunities, aye and the certainties of the University Choral, for the dissemination of musical taste, it may be pronounced to be the most important to art in Ireland. The members are composed of the students at College, who, wherever they may be placed in after life, will carry with them some little of their early predilection for sweet sounds and harmony. The seed will be carried far distant to the provinces of the empire and to the colonies, and there they will fructify, spreading civilization and the principal of its refining influences—music. The society is now in a prosperous condition in weekly practice, and giving occasional concerts of much interest. To the University Choral is owing the first production in this country of Sir Michael Costa's splendid oratorio, *Eli*. There has lately an offshoot sprung from it, namely, the University Glee Club; the members of which cultivate quartet singing. This, while supporting the parent society, will bring the vocal part-song into the homes of the students, and those beautiful treasures of composition will ultimately become the household songs of families. Sir Robert Stewart, who is the conductor of the University Choral, is likewise organist of the two cathedrals and the chapel of Trinity College. He is also Professor of Music to the University. In his latter capacity he has manifested an amount of information on musical matters, and a dexterity in conveying it to others, seldom the gift of one individual. His lectures are the result of long and deep research, and, while they come trippingly from his tongue, interspersed with anecdote light and pleasant, they display the richly-stored mind and the stupendous memory of the lecturer.

Certainly if ever the right man was in the right place, Sir Robert Stewart is. He is thoroughly devoted to his art. He by his tact awakens curiosity in its history and development, and he satisfies that curiosity by the rare resources of his highly-informed and cultivated mind. As a musician he holds a high place amongst the foremost in these kingdoms. His work, produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1870, fully attested this. His compositions are numerous, both sacred and secular, and many of them so well-known that it would be superfluous to enumerate them. Then, as an organist, he is second to none, and in solo and accompaniment captivates. Seldom, indeed, have so many qualities of the musician been found in one man. We now bring this short series of essays to a close, and may we indulge the hope in so doing that some of the lovers of art-progress in this city have been awakened to the necessity of exertion in the cause, and that the formation of a choral society, and the means of supporting a small but efficient band, will be discussed in musical circles. In a previous essay we told of every gentleman's house in the country possessing one or two harps, and that the visitors who could play were the most welcome. This was in the past. At the present almost every house in town and country possesses a pianoforte, and most girls and some boys receive instruction in playing. That this in itself is calculated to keep musical taste alive will not be disputed. But it is a taste for ornamental not intellectual music; that phase of the art which tickles the fancy without appealing to head or heart. We might as well compare the pretty water-coloured drawings of young ladies with the paintings of Raphael and Turner as the music of the present with the past of thirty years ago. Can there be any more proof wanted than the distaste at present for the works of classical writers. Parents and pupils prefer the valse, the fantasia on airs from hackneyed operas, and the milk-and-water ballad to the compositions which awaken thought and exalt the imagination. How could it be well otherwise? There are no models to copy. The treasures of musical art are sealed up. Once a year an Italian company performs operas; and the Italian, the sensuous music of love, is admired. The music which exalts the senses to the imagination—namely, the oratorio, the choral cantata, and the symphony—is seldom or never heard, and most of our ideas of the divine art are gathered from the performances on the drawing-room pianoforte. We do not for a moment depreciate this great instrument, which so well interprets musical thought. All we desire to convey is the impossibility of cultivating a taste for the loftier inspirations of the art without frequent and adequate performances of the works of the great masters; and these are not given in Ireland.

J. C.

THE GAIETY.

At the Gaiety, Mr Hollingshead has added Victor Massé's *Galathée*, and Adolphe Adam's lively *Postillon de Longjumeau*, to his already extensive and varied repertory. These performances will terminate next week, and we reserve till then such general observations on the season as we have to make. Meanwhile, we may add that the manager of the Gaiety has given no less than eighteen operas in a very brief space of time.

SONNET.

ON HEARING THE PIANO PLAYED GORGEOUSLY.
O, play for ever! let thy fingers stroll
In fleet ethereal rapture o'er the strings,
And pour a flood of glory o'er the soul—
Such as they say unfallen angel sings!
O, dulcet music! from thine echo springs
A charm that creeps electric through the heart,
And evermore from thy vibration rings
Some hallow'd thought that love and joy impart!
Of all the sweet and heaven-descended arts
Thou art the chief. Thy ever-varying themes
Pour soothing solace o'er the soul that smart
With rancorous care; and, like poetic dreams,
Fill'd with the halcyon images of love,
Thou reign'st in mystic power, the very voice of love.

TO MARIE KREBS.

ANDREW PARK.

VIENNA.

(From our Correspondent.)

A delicate compliment was paid Verdi during his recent visit to this city. His bust was sent for from Milan, and placed among the busts of other celebrated composers in the saloon of the Imperial Operahouse, where it had previously been wanting. Talking of Verdi, it appears that the two ladies who sang in his *Requiem* and *Aida*, when he himself conducted those two works, will soon be lost to the stage, and retire into private life. Mdlle Stolz, having made a handsome fortune, intends in future to live on it; while Mdlle Waldmann is going to marry Count Masari, a rich Italian nobleman, who has long paid his addresses to her.

Herr Jauner has discovered a curious swindle, of which he, and, doubtless, the Imperial Intendants before him, were the victims. Some of the check-takers, and other subordinate officials connected with the theatre, were in the habit of selling, in the neighbouring hotels and coffee-houses, large numbers of orders, procured, no doubt, improperly. The system was pursued so openly that these persons absolutely paid with orders for what they had to eat and drink, the value of the orders being, of course, reckoned at a very low figure. Herr Jauner himself purchased fifty orders from various waiters, and then had the waiters cited before the magistrates. The waiters gave the names of the persons from whom they had obtained the tickets; and these persons—mostly, as already said, check-takers and other subordinate officials of the Operahouse—were forthwith arrested. The trial is likely to last some time, as the number of the prisoners is considerable.

At the last *Liedertafel* of the Academic Vocal Union, the programme included a chorus by Franz Lachner, with words by Felix Dahn: "Macte, Imperator" ("Hail to Thee, Emperor!") The chorus pleased and was encored. Some time after the concert the president of the society was summoned before the Director of Police, who read a note in which the Authorities expressed their displeasure at the choice of this Latin chorus, and disapproved more especially of the demonstrative manner in which the last strophe had been repeated. The conclusion of the last strophe runs, when translated, thus:—

"Hail to Thee, white-haired Imperator,
Barbablanca, Triumphator,
Hail! Saviour of our Fatherland."

It is a remarkable fact that the Police found no fault with the same chorus when it was publicly sung, last October, by the Wiener-Sängerbund, and it seems strange they should do so now, when such a good feeling is said to reign between the Empire of Austria-Hungary and the Emperor of Germany.

PIERSON'S JERUSALEM.

By AMICUS PATRLE (1852).

(Continued from page 461.)

In the treatment of his *Jerusalem*, Mr Pierson's first object has been that of a scholar—to look at it, words and music, as *one whole*, and never to sacrifice the integrity of the first, as conveying the immediate sense. In no one instance is either pronunciation, accent, or rhythm disturbed; in some cases even the accentuation of the music itself is threatened in order to avoid such an evil, only, however, I must admit, most entirely to prove the composer's ability to cope with the difficulty: in this respect, *perfection* is scarcely too strong a term. Neither are there any of those senseless repetitions, so destructive to the cohesion of sound and sense, and yet so almost universally overlooked as a defect; repetitions there are, but only where the impressiveness of the phrase will fully admit them, or, where the *musical* phrase being necessarily incomplete, the one "harmonious sister" naturally and gracefully yields for the time to the other. Bearing in mind this nice attention to the simple setting of the words, we shall next observe with what peculiar affinity the pieces grow one out of another, like links in a chain. There is no jarring of equivocal discords; no excuse to the ear as to what it must submit to in passing from key to key with each successive piece:

it is led from one movement, from one region of harmony to the next, without annoyance of any description. Mr Pierson possesses a power of *gradually* altering the forms of his passages, so that they literally melt one into another, beyond any other composer with whom I am acquainted; he exerts this power most especially at such points, and the effect upon the ear may be compared to that of listening to one of Addison's or Burke's polished and re-polished pieces of eloquence. As an example of both the characteristics here described, I would direct attention to the very fine enharmonic change which takes place in the transition from the opening recitative of the second part, "The Lord hath accomplished," to the following solo and chorus, "A voice of wailing," and to the use of the triplet phrases at the same point; they are literally fused into the various expressions required—like molten silver in the hands of the artificer, which he compresses into the forms he needs. Another instance of a similar description may be found in the passage from the duettino, "The sons of strangers," to the following chorus, "The Eternal God," in the second part. These changes are not strictly enharmonic, as they take place at the end of one movement and the beginning of the next, but they are so in fact, and do not forfeit that character to the ear by the intrusion of the double bar. In the last named example the effect is particularly striking. The movements made use of by Mr Pierson—the artistic forms in which he has clothed his musical conceptions—combine all those in present use in oratorio composition, with one important novelty—the "Recitativo Arioso." Recitative is under all circumstances the most difficult part of a work to treat effectively, and yet, like blank verse in poetry, it is the expedient of the composer not sufficiently certain of their own powers. So completely is this the case, that in plain recitative it is not easy, from the limited nature of the means employed and the quantity that has been written, to avoid plagiarism. The name of Mr Pierson's innovation explains its character, and I fancy I hear the admirers of giant Handel uttering doubts as to its action upon the declamatory force of the language. It is a bold step certainly, but one in which the composer is fully justified by the necessities of the case. His excellent taste, too, in the use of his instruments, prevents anything approaching to what is melo-dramatic in style—the danger most to be apprehended—and when tested, the "Recitativo Arioso" will be found to assist in getting rid of monotony; it seems to me to act upon the music as hills covered with herbage do in nature, by softening the rugged sameness of bare rocks. When such masses appear in the shape of plain recitative (and with Mr Pierson they emerge from the more harmonious concomitants of his landscape wherever in keeping) they stand out in bolder relief for the contrast.

(To be continued.)

PETIPACE! EN AVANT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—The day after the first performance of the *Amber Witch* (Scene—Edinburgh Castle; present—Panurge and Pantagruel), the following *P.P.* bets were laid, relative to Wallace's *chef-d'œuvre*. 1st—10 to 1 that no analytical *critique* would appear on the new opera on the following Saturday—2nd March; 2nd—2 to 1, ditto, ditto, on March 9th; 3rd—50 to 1, that whenever the said *critique* does appear it will not be an original analysis, but an unacknowledged removal; 4th—100 to 1, &c. Panurge—flushed with victory on the first two events—is more than sanguine about winning Nos. 3 and 4; and, in reply to Pantagruel's arguments *per contra*, simply answers—"it is the way of the *World*!" What sayest thou, most potent Petipace? Yieldest thou, rescue or no rescue, to this most plagiaristic averment?—or, wilt thou for one week, like a modern Atlas, support the *World* on thine own shoulders? An early answer will oblige the "Kings of the Castle," as well as thine,

RABELAIS.

[Petipace, of Winchelsea, is not an "ordinary" Atlas, but an extraordinary;—otherwise he might yield.—O. B.]

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you allow me to trespass upon the space of your influential and much-read paper, to inform, not only my friends, but the musical public in general, that I am not fulfilling an engagement at the Alhambra Theatre, and that I have never been in treaty for a position there. It seems that a gentleman has had the more than questionable taste to assume my name, and is performing there nightly, and many persons infer that it is the present writer who is thus appearing, as many of my friends have spoken to me on the subject. I have not seen the gentleman; but whatever his merits, I am undesirous that any of my professional friends should, even in thought, deprive him of the honour of any criticism that may have been passed with respect to his artistic doings. In like manner, I am jealous of my own reputation, and do not wish that any review of my performances with which you, Sir, or any other discerning writer may favour me, should be put to this gentleman's credit, through my tolerably well-known Christian name being omitted. In your current number, for instance, in noticing Madame Burrington's concert, at which I sang, you say, in effect, Mr Penna was encored in both his songs; while, had you given the Christian name of Frederic, as stated in the programme, there could have been no question as to who the singer was. With every apology for thus troubling you, and thanks for many courtesies, I am, Sir, yours, most obediently,

June 21st, 1875.

FREDERIC PENNA.

WAIFS.

There was an old artist called Beberly,
Who painted uncommonly cleverly;
He faced all at such distance,
Things seemed their existence
To lose in the haze of this Beberly.

M. Faure leaves London, for Paris, to-morrow.

Mlle Carlotta Patti (sister of the Marquise de Caux) is making a professional tour in South Germany.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr William Coulson, Tregarthen, organist of St John's Church, Redland, and articled pupil of Mr George Riseley, has been appointed organist to St Paul's Church, Clifton.

The Stadttheater at Leipzig will still be carried on by private enterprise—not, as was contemplated some time since, by a Government Intendant, with a fixed salary and a percentage on the receipts.

The music provided by the Prince of Wales for his garden fête, given at Chiswick last week, was entrusted to the military bands of the 2nd Life Guards, under the direction of Mr F. Godfrey, and the Scotch Fusilier Guards, directed by Mr J. P. Clarke.

At the close of the Royal Italian Opera season, M^{me} Adelina Patti will go to Dieppe, whence she returns in September to sing in concerts at Brighton, Birmingham, and Manchester, under the direction of Mr Kuhe. On hearing of the destitution caused by the recent floods around Toulouse, M^{me} Patti at once telegraphed to M^{me} MacMahon and M. Halanzier, offering her services at a benefit performance at the Grand Opéra. It is needless to say that the aid thus tendered was gratefully accepted, and the representation will take place on October 1st. A fortnight afterwards, M^{me} Patti leaves Paris to enter upon a new Russian campaign—*Concordia*, July 10, 1875.

The boys of the workhouse schools of London, or those who are under training apart from workhouse influences and apart from the old régime which reared the pauper child into a pauper adult, had, last week, at the Alexandra Palace, a band contest, before Colonel S. F. Fitzwygram, the officials of the Local Government Board, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen interested in the elevation of the poorer classes. The bands present were from the parish (now called district) schools of Bethnal Green, St Marylebone, St Pancras, the Strand, from the Goliath training-ship, and from the schools of combined parishes at Forest Gate. The judges were Mr Dan Godfrey, Mr H. Weist Hill, Mr S. Hughes, and Mr Howard Reynolds. The bands each played a selection from Offenbach's opera of *Orphée aux Enfers*, and the judges awarded to the Strand Union band a prize of £25, given by Colonel Sir Frederick Fitzwygram; to the Marylebone School the second prize (£10), given by the same donor; and to the boys of the Goliath a purse of £5, given by Mr Edward Boulnois, the Chairman of the St Marylebone Guardians, who had arranged the contest. Lady Lee presented the prizes. There was a separate contest for a "Courtois cornet," value 12 guineas, given by Mr S. A. Chppell.—*Times*, July 10.

Miss Lillie Albrecht's pleasing and girlish manner left a most favourable impression on the audience at Signor Rocca's concert, and the simple and truthful manner in which she gave one of Chopin's valses was in all respects commendable.—*Drawing-room Gazette*.

ORGAN RECITAL.—Mr J. C. Dunster, organist of the Bavarian Ambassador's Chapel, Warwick Street, Regent Street, gave an organ recital, on Thursday, before a numerous audience. The Bavarian Chapel was at one time celebrated for sacred performances, on Sundays and holidays, by the artists of the Italian opera; but, their privileges being curtailed, they have long ceased to sing there. Mr J. C. Dunster performed a varied selection of pieces by Batiste, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, and some of his own arrangements, all of which gave evident satisfaction to those present. It is to be hoped he will repeat the performance, and enable persons fond of the organ to pass an hour in the afternoon pleasantly.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Monday the Odd Fellows will hold their fête at Muswell Hill; there will also be a swimming fête, a balloon ascent, &c. On Tuesday the Vaudeville Theatre company will perform in the *Two Roses*. The first of the Summer Evening Promenade Concerts will be held on Wednesday, and the second on Saturday. At these concerts Miss Rose Hersee, Signor Foli, and Signor Brignoli will appear, and the orchestra and choir will be largely augmented. In addition to a miscellaneous concert each day, selections from the works of Beethoven will be given on Wednesday; whilst on Saturday, the feature will be Irish ballads, and selections from the works of Balfe. Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles" will be revived at these performances with all their original effects. After the concert on Wednesday, there will be a grand display of fireworks; and, on Saturday, an illumination of the Palace and grounds. On Thursday there will be a pigeon-race, and Mr Sothorn, by request, will give another performance of *David Garrick*. The first of a series of performances of standard English comedies will be given in the theatre on Saturday, when Mrs Hermann Vezin, Mrs Chippendale, Miss Caroline Hill, Mr Leathes, Mr Compton, Mr Chippendale, and other eminent artists will appear in *Sheridan's School for Scandal*.

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ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

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